CENTRAL JOURNAL.

VOL. I. KOSCIUSKO, MI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1844. NO. 5.

THE
CENTRAL JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
W. B. HARPER.

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If paid in advance, - - - $2 00
If paid in six months, - - - 2 50
If paid in twelve months, - - 3 00

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Selected for the C. Journal.

TO * * *

Come, fill the bowl,—'twill win a smile,
To glad once more your drooping brow,
Nor scorn the spell that can beguile
One thought from all that wrings you now!
For who, in worlds so sad as this.
Would lose e'en momentary bliss?

Come,—touch the harp,—its notes will bring
At least a wreck of happier years,—
The songs our childhood, used to sing,—
Its artless joys,—its simple tears.
How blessed, if weeping could restore
Those bright glad days that come no more!

Then touch the harp! and free and fast
The tears I fain would weep shall flow:
And fill the bowl! the last, the last!
Then back to life's deceitful show!
And waste no more a single tear
On Life, whose joys are sold so dear!

SQUIR PARKIN'S SPLORIFICATION.—A YANKEE STORY.

By a Down Easter.

I guess you never heard tell of our town, did you? Well, if you aint, I rather guess you don't take the papers. For about the time of the land fever it was cried up awfully; and some chaps down there in Portland got hauled into the tune of ten dollars the acre. And as to that matter, it wa'nt to be wondered at, all things considering. For one Squire Parkins came up there, and made a kind of it—and may I be bil'd into apple sarse if it wa'nt the curisest thing for a map that my eyes ever lit upon. Squire Parkins staid at our house at the time, so I seed the making of the whole consarn. The reason he staid there was because marm's pan dowdy some how agreed with him.

Well this map I was telling you of, the squire ruled all into squares, and then the way he put in the red and yellow ochre was a caution, I tell you. May I be bil'd into apple-sarse if it wa'nt for all the world like a checker board, and at first I thought it was one. But jist as I suppos'd the squire had given it the last touch, what does he do but takes a bit of blueing, and starting at one corner of it, makes a kind of zigzag mark clean through it. "By Jehoshaphat," says I, if——"

"No swearing," says the squire.

"Well," says I, "if you hav'nt dish'd that ere checker board may I be lick'd into——"

"Tut, tut," says the squire," "that's a map of Snagville."

"Well, says I, "if that wouldn't puzzle a Philadelfy lawyer: and that blue streak, I take it, is our Virginny fence."

"No, you dunder head, that's a river."

"A river in Snagville! why Squire Parkins! Now," say I, "I've made tracks on every lot in this ere section, and if there's any thing like a river that my legs can't straddle, may I be bil'd into——"

"That's gammon," says the squire, "all gammon; there's river enuf to float all the logs that will be cut here this twenty years."

Upon that I scream'd a scream, I tell you. Says I, "Squire upon that I'm beat all hollow."

Well, as soon as the Squire had done titivating his map, what does he do but insist on it that I must go out with him on a splorification. At first I rather hung back, cause there was no more chance of finding a lot of pine trees than there was of finding a mare's nest. Howsomevr at last marm took up for him—for you see he kept palavering about her pan dowdy, and then backing out was not to thought of no how. I had as lieve's be in a hornet's nest as try to thwart marm in any thing she's bent upon.

Well, at last we started off; and arter we'd travell'd a long spell without seeing anything but here and there a scrub, the Squire observ'd that he was nearly tuckered out, and upon that we halted. "Simon," says he, "this is a dry business, and I rather guess you'd better take a drop."

"Well," says I, "I don't care if I do."

Upon this he took out a junk bottle, and sticking it up in my face, "There," says he, "that's the real ginuine." And then he shook it, and shook it, and it bore a bead I tell you.

"Well," says I, "Squire, here's hoping;" and the way I swigged was a caution, for I was as dry as marm's beans when she forgets to put the pork in. Well, arter we'd given our shanks a pretty good resting spell, and arter I I had taken another swig by way of starter, we jogged on a piece furder. Howsomever, we hadn't made a long hitch of it, it wasn't a mile any how, before the Squire, who laged a little, bawled out, "Stop, Simon, stop!"

"Why, what the deuce is the matter now?" says I.

"Simon," says he, "don't you feel a grain dryish!"

"If I don't," says I, "may I be bil'd into apple-sarse."

"Well," says he, "take another horn of the ginuine—it will sarve to strengthen the inner man."

"After you is manners," says I. Upon that the Squire took a sip or so; he didn't liquerize much, cause he said he'd signed the pledge, and then he shuk it as he did before. Well, there was no mistake when he thought I was dryish. The moment that liquer struck my tongue you might have heard it guggle, guggle, like a gallon jug at a raising—it was a tikler I tell you.

Now I had always an idee that nobody could tell me nothing about Snagville, seeing I'd been over it a hundred times; and I'd have bait a whole dollar to a sheet of gingerbread that the whole town was as flat a pancake. But some how, when we started arter this last swig that I've gest been telling you of, the ground seemed to be pesky uneven, and sometimes I found myself brought up all standing. But what bothered me the beatermost was to see how I'd miscalculated about the stumpage. I'd always said, and so had dad, that there wasn't in all Snagville five hundred of merchantable pine to the acre. But, would you believe it, there was now, for a rough guess, nigher five thousand. Now there couldn't be any sort of mistake about it, for when I observed it to the Squire, he said I had underrated, and that it would been a notch or two higher.

"You're all of a fever," says he, "a wallking so fast, and can't judge any thing about it—take another horn, Simon, and cool off a little."

Well, I did feel a little hottish that's a fact, and so I took a putty considerable swig I tell you.—Upon that we took another start, and the furder we went the thicker the trees grow'd, till at last, says I, "Squire, if uncle Ben can squeeze his belly through this clump without touching may I be——," but here the Squire broke out in a haw, haw, like all possessed, and observed there was over ten thousand to the acre.

"Over ten," says I, "over twelve and not counting the conchous ones."

And then he haw, hawed again louder than ever, and asked if I was willing to certify it.

"Yes," says I, "on the spot, if I don't may I be biled into apple-sarse."

"I know'd you would," said he; and upon that he fumbled awhile in one of his long pockets and took out an inkhorn and a bit of paper. And arter he'd scratched a few lines as he rested on a windfall that was there—he asked me to squat down and sign it—and likewise I did.

"Well," says the Squire, "I guess we've splorified about enuf—and as it's getting towards daylight down, suppose Simon we take up a back track."

"Agreed," says I; for I found I was getting dryish again—and as to squenching thirst out of the Squire's bottle that wouldn't be done, no how—'twas as dry as I was. Well, as we were jogging along. says I, "Squire, what are you up to with that ere paper and checkerboard?"

"Why," says he, "I'm going down to Portland to help some worthy young men there. I mean to sell them my land on such a lay that they'll make a fortin by it."

"Squire," says I, "give us your hand—now that's christian like."

Well, as I was saying, he cleared out next morning bag and baggage; and the next news I heard was that the Squire had been a helping on 'em down there in Portland in a way to kill. And how do you think he did it? Why he sold out the whole consarn for ten dollars an acre, one third right down on the nail, and no grumbling.

"Dad," says I, "if that's the way they help folks down in Portland, we'd better give 'em a lift with our bog lot; it will bear sartifying, for 'tis *settling* land any how."

How the Squire could sleep arter helping on 'em that way was a puzzler. As for myself, for three nights arterwards I might as well tried to take a nap on a harrar. The moment I fell into a doze, it seemed as if the Squire took up that big windfall where I had sartified and let it fall co-chunk right on the vitals; and if I didn't spring like all possessed, may I be bil'd into apple-sarse.

Well, it struck my mind some how that the Squire would fork over putty considerable, seeing as how I'd sartifyed in the way I did; and so the next time he come up into our section I kind a hinted about it. But he was another guess sort of a man this time, I tell you. He was rigged all out in superfines, gold watch, breast pin, and ruffles, and scented up for all the world like a pole-cat.—When I stuck out my hand he kind a drawed back, and stared like a stuck pig—'twas as much as to say, who are you, by the hoky! And when marm set on the pan dowdy that he used to like so, says he, "toss that ere into the swill pail, and sarve us up a fry candy de fox," (fricandeau de vaux.)

"Fry candy and what?" says marm, "you nasty creature you."

"Squire," says I, "if you mean our old fox that's chained in the barn-yard, you'll be as gaunt as a weazel before he touches your jaws, any how."

"You be hanged," says he, "I can lick a dozen of ye."

Upon that I was putty well riled I tell you. "Lick me," says I. "Why the chap don't stand in your shoes that's up to that game. And as for that matter I'll bait a whole five dollar bill that the old fox, upon a fair pull, will jerk your carcase a couple of rods any day."

"Done," says he.

"Done," says I; "so plank the rhino, and we'll try this arternoon."

Well, jest back of our tatur field there was an almighty big mud hole—and as our hogs used to go and snooze there, if it wa'nt stumpy may I be bil'd into apple-sarse. On the north side we'd cleaned up a piece, and got it putty well into grass. But tother side had all run into alders. Well, at the time fixed upon we all went down to this grass ground by the mud hole. There was dad and marm, and the Squire, and those of the Portland gentry that he'd been helping so.

"There, Squire," says I, "there's the cretur all ready, and he's up to chalk I tell you." There he was sure enuf; for I'd been down before and fixed him tother side of the mud hole right by the alders, and there I'd hitched him to a rope which stretched clean across to the grass ground. Well, when they seed the fox they all begun to titter like mad—all but the Squire. He looked kind a dumbfounded, as if twas lowering to one of his cloth, and I guess would have slinked out of it hadn't been for the five dollars.

"Squire," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he. And then he bustled up and grabbed one end of the rope.

"Stop," says I, "fair play's a jewel. Gest let me take a turn of that rope round your superfines, cause why, if the fox gets the upper hand you'll let go and won't toe the mark."

"Tie and be hanged," says he.

Well, now least I should lose my five dollars, I thought I'd fasten the fox to the middle of the rope, and tother end on it I had carried right in among the alders, where I had stowed away Siah Prescott, Jim Smith, and our David. The whole thing was cut and dried completely one hour or two before, when I drilled 'em pretty considerably. Says I, "boys hug the airth and lay close when you hear us coming on to the grass ground; and when I scream '*strain out*,' then gerk like all nater."

"Squire Parkins," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he.

Upon that I let fall my under jaw, and says I "strain out, strain out like twenty airthquakes; and the moment I screamed it, if the tarnal critur didn't scratch for the alder stump may I be bil'd into apple-sarse. At the very first gerk the Squire pitched to the very aidge of the mud hole—and the way he tugged and jamed his heels into that soft clay was a caution, I tell you. But it wouldn t do no how. The second gerk drawed him right out of his boots, and losing his balance, he fell splash, ruffles and all, right into the very core on't. I've seed some big eyes in my day, but I never seed any stick out like the Squire's, as he looked kind a sideling at us while splashing through that mud hole. How fur he got before he brought up 'mong the alder I can't say; for dad and marm, and the Portland chaps, fell down right flat, they haw, hawed so; and as for myself, if I didn't make tracks may I be bil'd into apple-sarse.

THROWN IN THE BOSS.—Among the hoosiers they call cotton thread *boss*, a term which few yankees understand. A fair, fat brunette, one day stepped into the store of a young merchant, and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she addressed herself to him—"Well, I reckon you'll throw in the *boss*." "Certainly," replied the clerk, with his mouth stretched in laughter, "we'll throw in the boss—there he is—you're very welcome to him."